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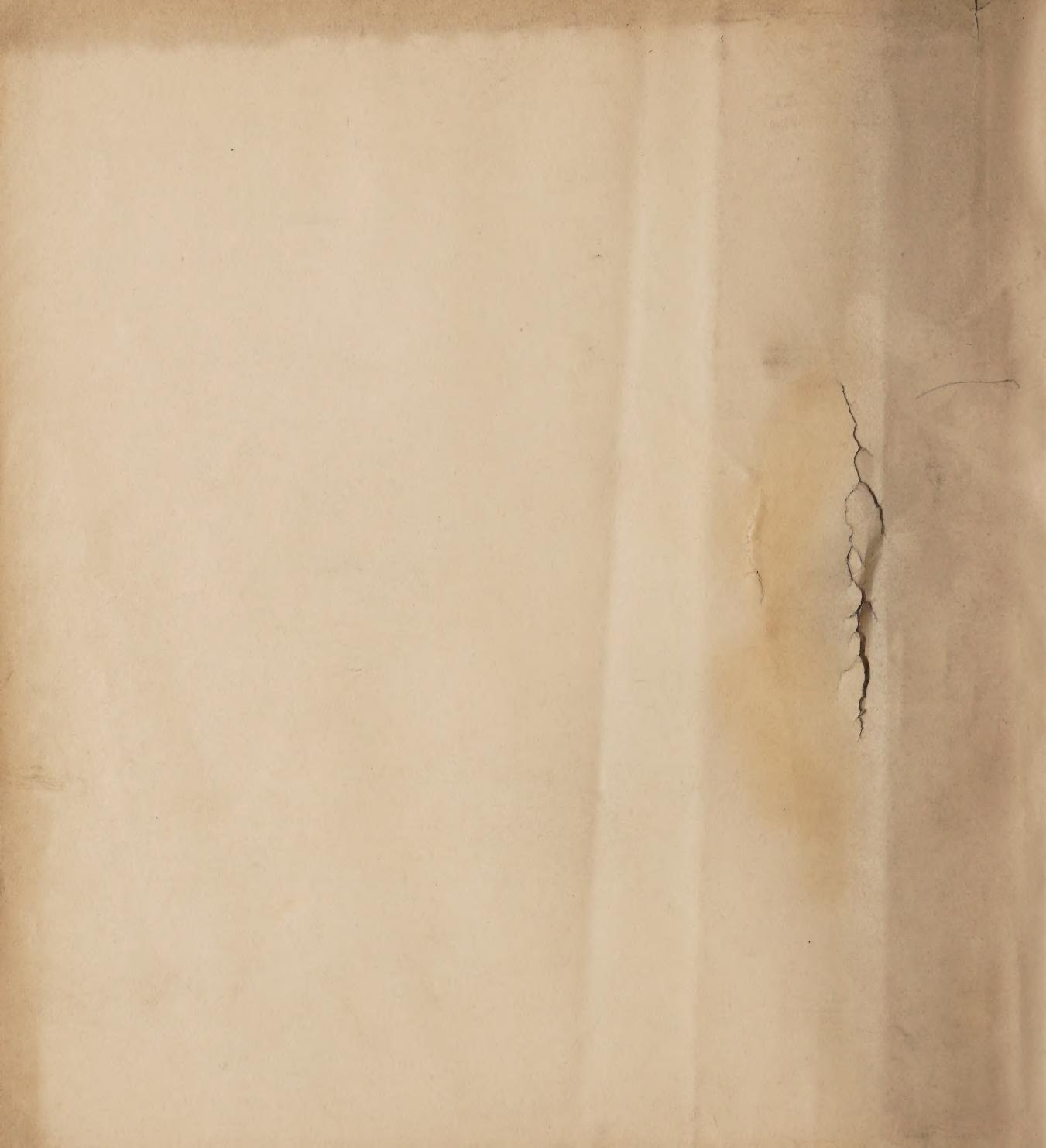
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# Fairy Flowers



From ~~OCEAN~~ BOWERS.



FAIRY FLOWERS  
FROM  
OCEAN BOWERS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

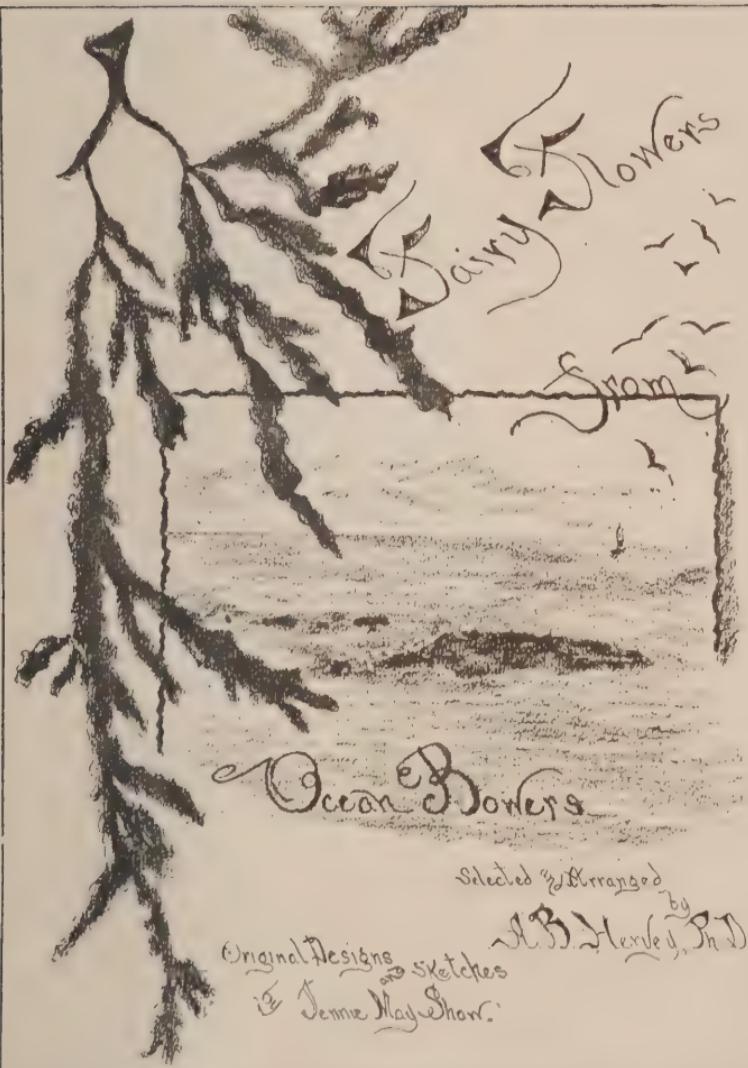
A. B. HERVEY, M. D.

SKETCHES BY

JENNIE MAY SHAW

BOSTON  
SAMUEL E. CASSINO  
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# Ocean Borders

Selected & Arranged

A. B. Herring, Jr.

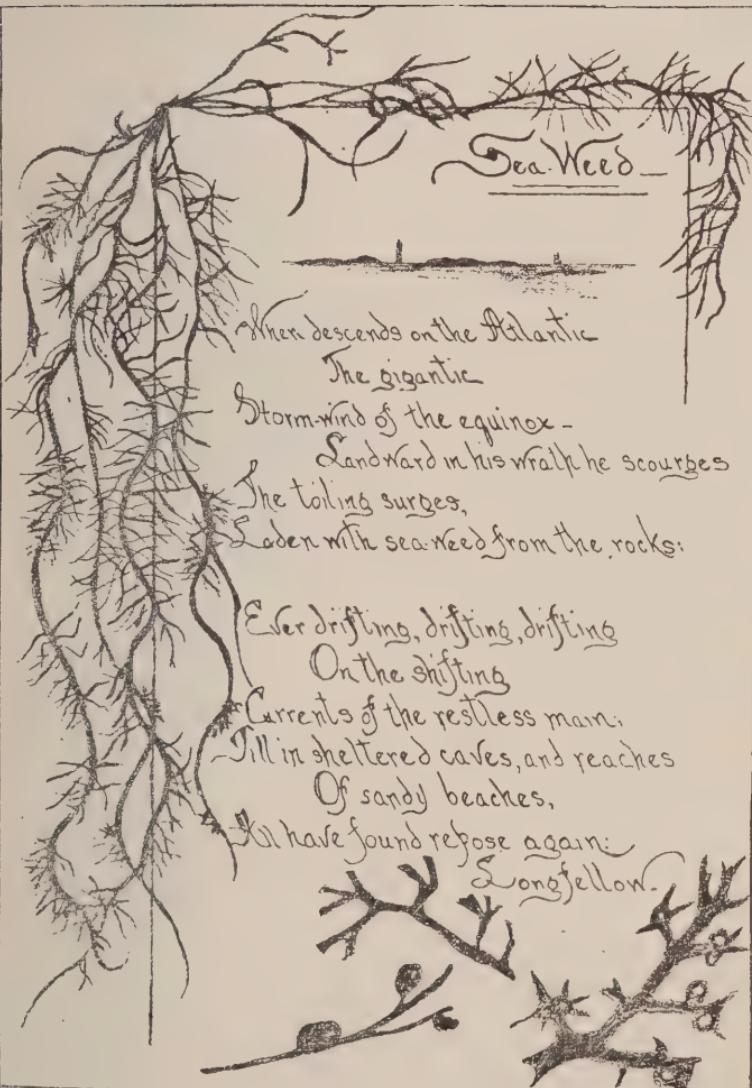
Original Designs  
& Sketches  
by  
Jennie May Shaw.

1891









Sea-Weed -

When descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox -  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks:

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the drifting  
Currents of the restless main:  
Till in sheltered caves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
I have found repose again:

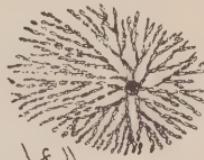
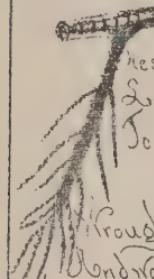
Longfellow.







## Sea Mosses -



Here many colored, variegated forms.

Live on our rougher shores, and rise and fall

To the deep music of the Atlantic wave

Here are broderies strange  
Brought by the sea nymphs from their golden hair  
Dand'vole by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.

From narrow cells scooped in the rocks we take  
These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.

Down sunny slopes out stretching to the deep,  
We roam at noon, and gather shades like these.

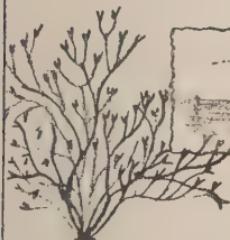
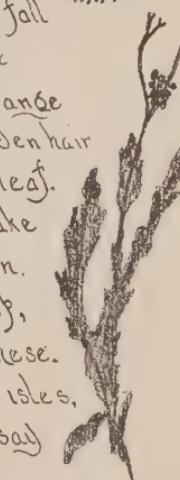
Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles,  
Festooned and spangled in sea curves, and say

What hues of land can rival tints like these.

Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of Kings

Who dwell beneath the waters.

— G. T. Field —







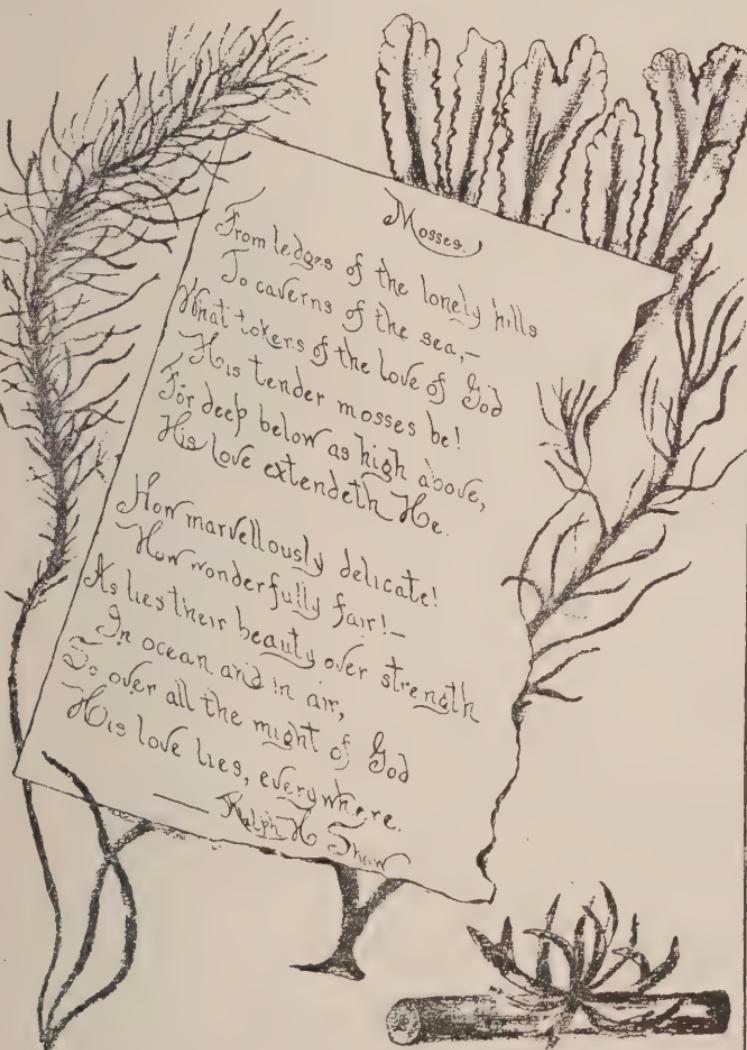


Mosses.

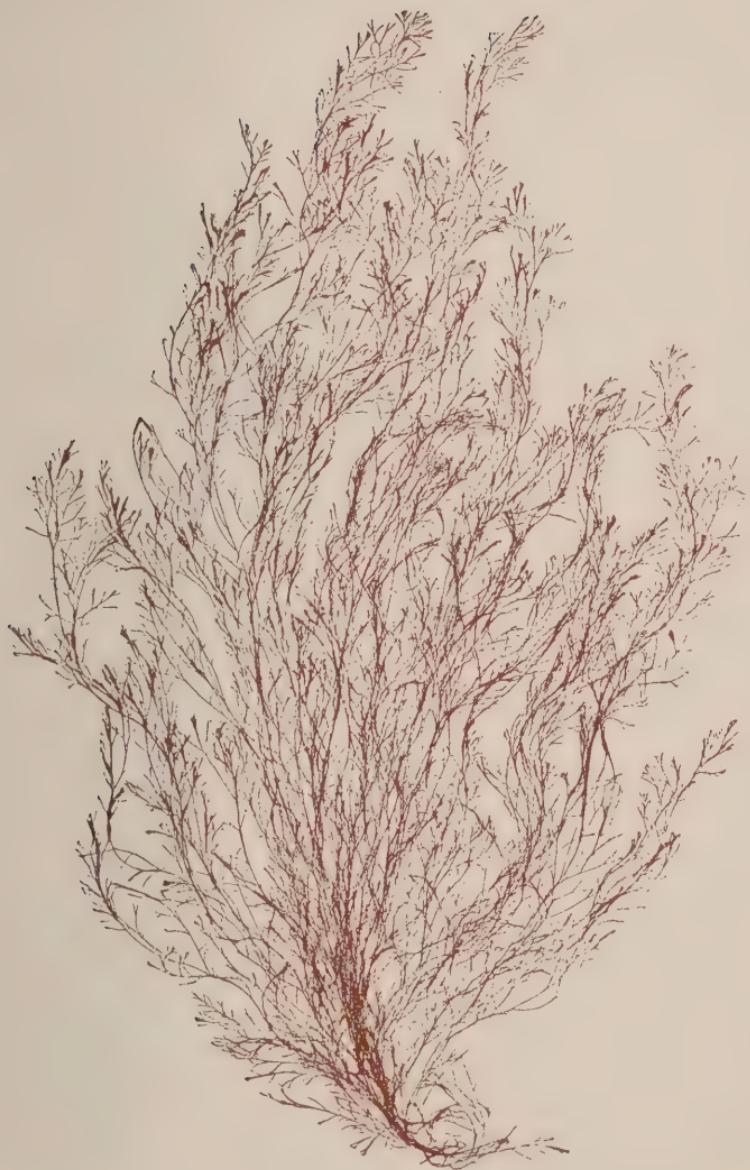
From ledges of the lonely hills  
To caverns of the sea,-  
What token of the love of God  
Is tender mosses be!  
For deep below as high above,  
His love extendeth He.

How marvellously delicate!  
How wonderfully fair! -  
As lies their beauty over strength  
In ocean and in air,  
So over all the might of God  
His love lies, everywhere.

Ralph H. Shum









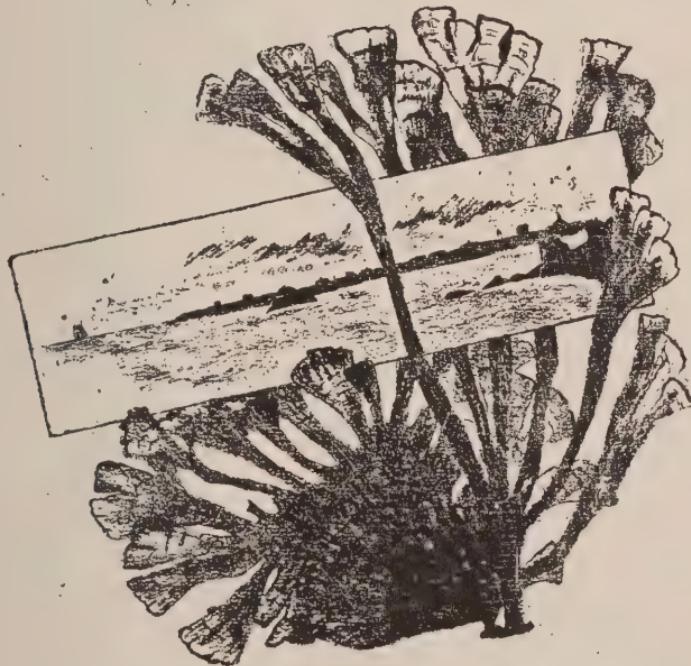
Sudden the shore curved inward to a bay

Broad, calm, with ~~gorgeous~~ seaweeds moving slow

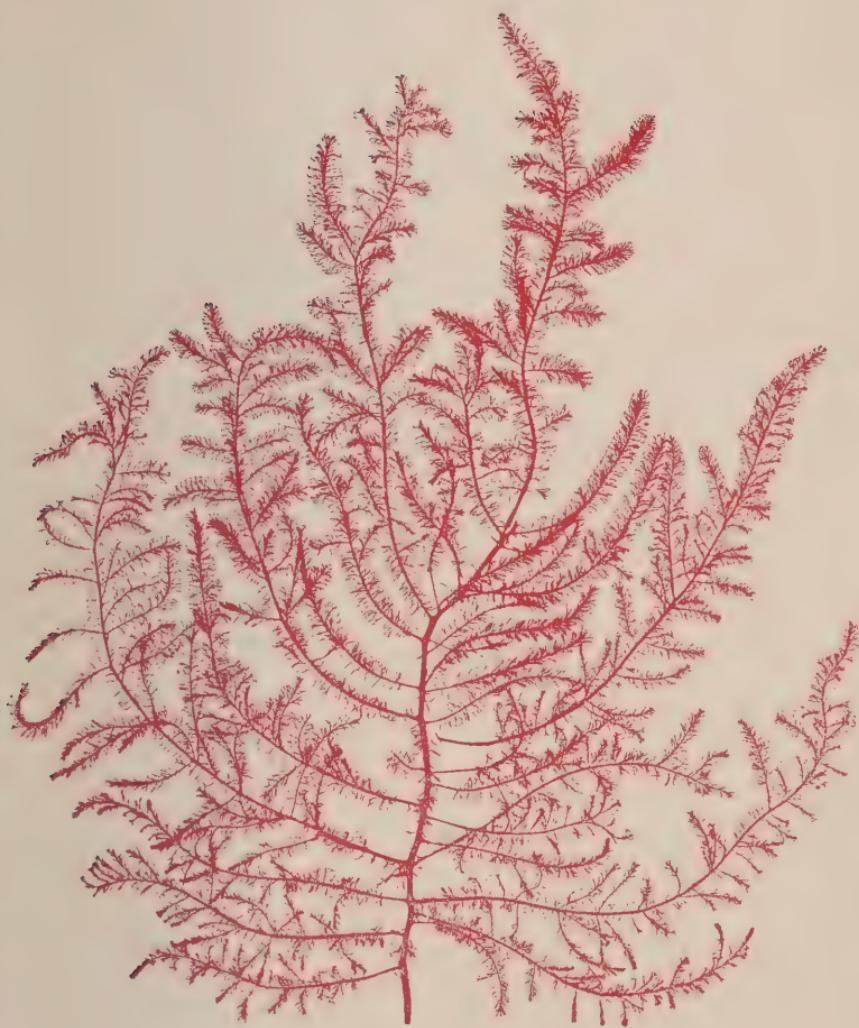
Beneath the water like rich thoughts that stir

In the mysterious deep of poet's hearts—

—Dinah Maria Mulock







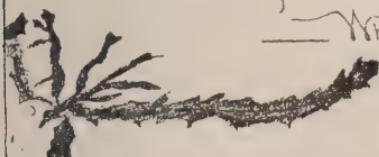
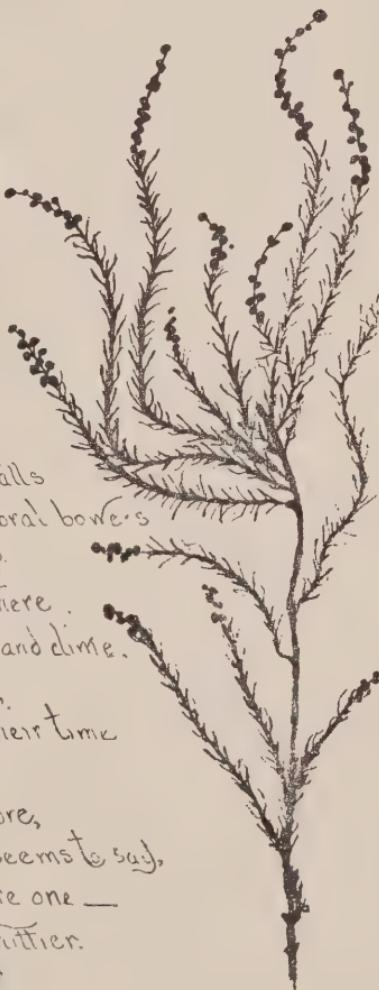


W. H. Rosses



Thanks for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers.  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool still coral bower's  
God's gardenis of the deep.  
He loveth beauty everywhere  
And makes in every zone and clime.  
In ocean and in upper air,  
All things beautiful in their time  
Thus evermore  
On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems to say,  
God's love and power are one —

— Whittier.









# Wind and Sea

 Welcome are both their voices!

And I know not which is best,—

The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips

Or the comfortless winds unrest

There's a pan in all rejoicing.

A joy in the heart of pain,

And the wind that saddens

~~the sea that~~ <sup>and</sup> the sea that gladdens  
Is singing the self-same strain.

— Bayard Taylor.











# Sea and Sky

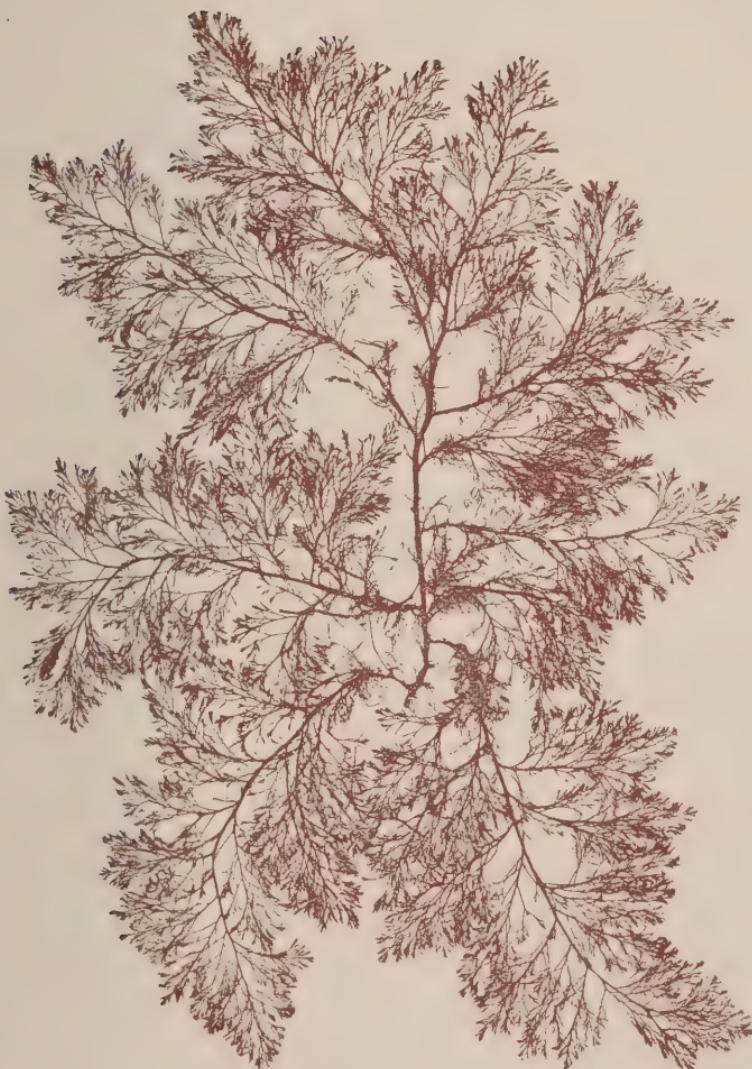
The Sea is wedded to the Sky—  
Element unto element;  
She spreads above him tenderly  
Her blue, transparent tent.

The Sky is mated with the Sea;  
In stormy tumult he ascends  
Toward her retreating mystery;  
Not thus their being blends!

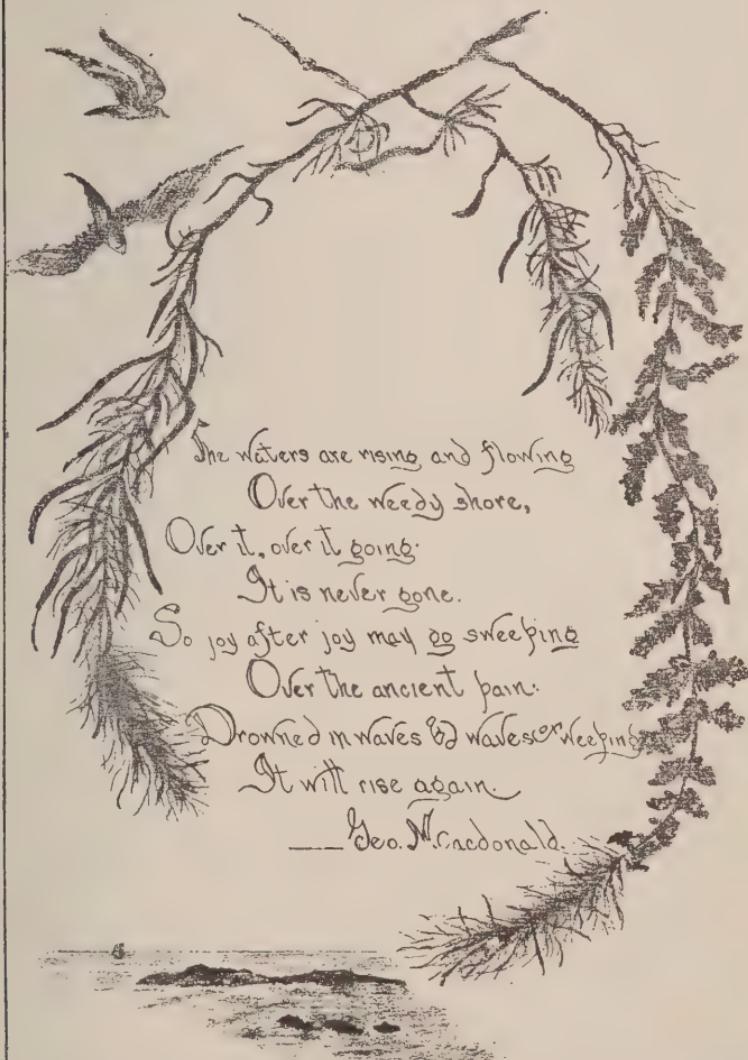
But when her deep, eternal calm  
Enters into his restless heart,  
Each mirrors back the others charm;  
Nearest when most apart—

—Lucy Larcom









The waves are rising and flowing  
Over the weedy shore,  
Over t., over t., going:  
It is never gone.  
So joy after joy may go sweetening  
Over the ancient pain.

Drowned in waves of waves of weeping  
It will rise again.

—Geo. Macdonald.















Dr. J. E. Lindsey,  
DEC 31 1886

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